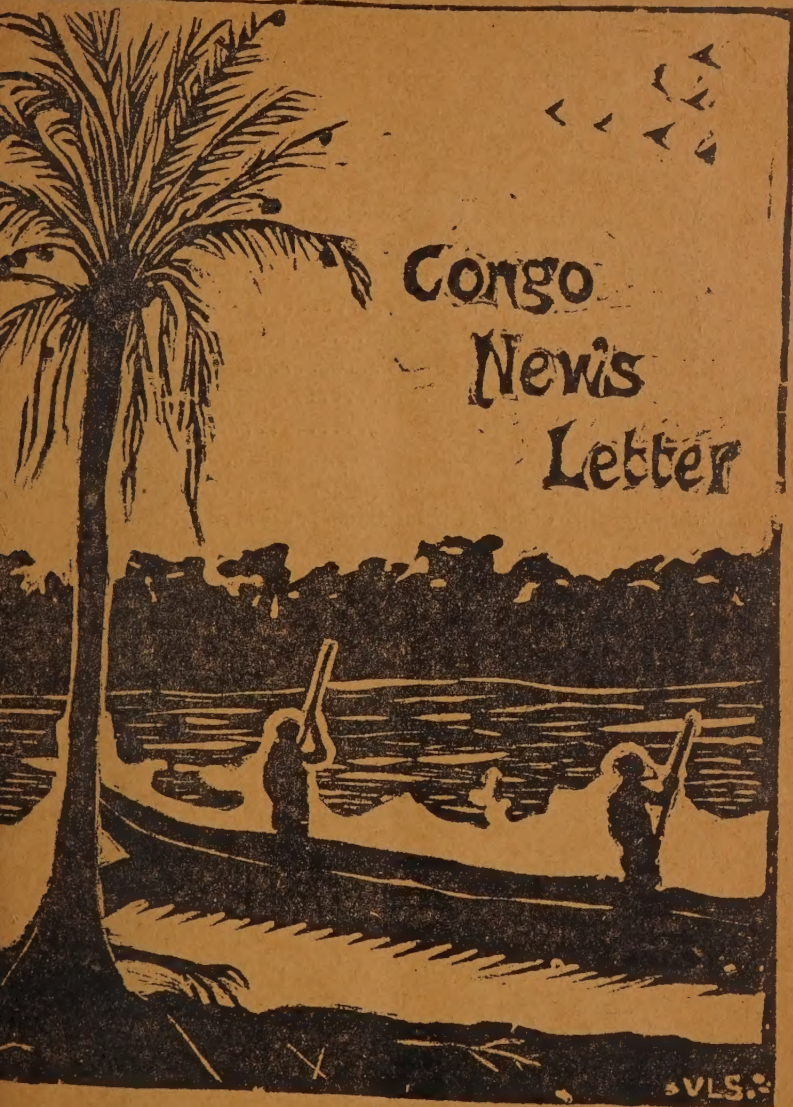
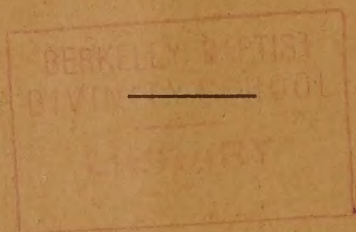




APRIL 1939

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOMELAND

(Mr. MacDiarmid arrived in New York in May, 1938.
He writes for us a few impressions that the Homeland
gives to the missionary on furlough.)

Styles change every year so one expects these changes. As the missionary landed in New York and watched the throngs of people on the streets it looked as if a flock of migratory birds had come temporarily to rest on the heads of the ladies. Ah, those are hats that rest there for a short season and then are gone until a new hybrid variety is hatched.

Looking a little below the hats one observes that the ladies look younger than ever. The night winds and frosts may bring a pallor but each new morning there they are — misses, mothers and grandmas — blooming like the red, red rose.

And men are beginning to take on a brighter tint, in dress at least. While one may not expect to see them using the lipstick and rouge-pot before another furlough takes place yet one can readily imagine them in canary or robin red breast attire, aspiring to predominance in beauty over the female species

as in the bird kingdom.

Then there are other changes that are less pleasing to the senses. Billboards everywhere carrying liquor advertisements and the same appeal coming to the ear over the radio. It is wrong to say that these ads are not pleasing to the senses, for money is lavished on them to make them attractive and socially proper. It is what one reads daily in the papers, of automobile accidents, broken homes, murders, etc. that gives the lie to the beautiful pictures.

Another change that is very noticeable is the rapid increase in gambling. In a number of hotels where I stayed while on deputation service new lottery machines were just being installed and everywhere one goes they are in evidence. From conversations with pastors and others it would seem that the number of people who desire to get something substantial in return for little or nothing — from downright lottery devices to government aid — is alarmingly on the increase.

“What changes does one see in our Baptist churches?” your may ask. In some ways there is a saner outlook on the mission of the church than in the balmy days when competition with other denominations drove them to build costly buildings. To many churches this has been a bitter experience, for the mere payment of the interest on the mortgages has cut benevolence and current expense accounts so much that many people have become discouraged. Some people who would otherwise join a certain church refuse to do so because they do not want to see their money go to the paying of sins in excessive expenditure incurred by people in past years. On the other hand there is better cooperation between churches of our own denomi-

nation and also with churches of other denominations.

Our greatest lack, as the missionary views it, is that our religion is only one department of our lives and does not control the whole of life. While there are a number of Baptists — and we hope a steadily increasing number — who believe in and practise the Christian stewardship of life, there is that still greater number who consider it too great a sacrifice. Their faces light up with pleasure as the missionary tells how Christ's message is winning its way in the lives of thousands of converts in Congo, but when he speaks of the need for reinforcements and of money to send those who are willing to go, the interest suddenly wanes. How can we give more than we are now? The old car must be turned in and a few hundred dollars added that we may have a shiny new one. There are so many things that a few years ago were luxuries but today are necessities to the majority of Baptists that we cannot be very optimistic. Even if the Judson Fellowship is successful this year in turning the tide against the constant retrenchment of recent years, unless it leaves an indelible impression that we should live sacrificially, knowing Him "and the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his suffering", we Baptists of the Northern Baptist Convention will have made no lasting advance.

P.A. MacDiarmid

No matter what barrier may hem us in,
No matter what trials may press,
The soul in its flight can soar above sin
And reach the God who can bless.

MISSIONARIES WRITE HOME

BANZA MANTEKE: No front page news. No great outbursts of enthusiasm on the part of the native church, no great revival with hundreds of converts. To those who know mission work this is not conclusive evidence that worthwhile work has not been done and that progress has not been made. Necessity is laid upon us to make readjustments. The world does not go on just the same in Congo or elsewhere, neither does mission work.....

Self-supporting, self-governing and self-propagating churches call increasingly for capable, consecrated native leadership. Native leadership calls for Christian education. Christian education calls for good schools. Good schools call for good teachers with intellectual and spiritual qualifications. The inauguration and establishing of an adequate school system is not the work of a day. False impressions and misapprehensions appear. At first the natives held aloof from our station boarding school work, soon afterwards they hailed it with enthusiasm thinking they could send all their children to the station to be taught and trained by the missionaries. When they realized that only a limited number could be received into the station school and that these must have qualifications they again returned reluctantly to village school work.....

The spiritual life and work of the church are far from being satisfactory. First things do not have first place in the lives of many. There has been an unusually large number of expulsions and deaths. The net increase in membership for the year is 192. Church contributions have increased but not in pro-

portion to the growing needs of the work. Some pastors and teachers are unemployed, most of those who are employed are underpaid. Consequently it requires courage and consecration for young men who have been in school for years without pay to accept work from the church.....

We face the new year with hope and courage believing that God will work in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore."

J.E. Geil

* * * *

TONDO: The Tondo field has comprised 6 church centres but growth has necessitated increasing the number to 9 with deacon-pastor overseers at strategic villages in each. Representatives from each field were present for our Christmas services and testified concerning the work.

One pastor remarked: "Jesus commanded, 'Go!' Having obeyed we are now here to gather in the fruit of our labors in the various fields. There have been successes and failures; where failures the workers have labored with two hearts. In thinking of God's Word, I recall the act of our founder Rev. Joseph Clark. He had no house, no place even to sit. He bought a crude shed at Ikoko in order to begin immediately to teach boys and girls God's Word. Today it is in school that we learn to know God's Word, it is still of first importance to our work. Giving of gifts reveals the measure of a people's love for God. In many villages the giving of gifts rejoices our hearts and God's. Prayer has helped to increase our

usefulness and bring growth to God's work. Let us do more praying."

Others added: "We are searching for ex-Christians that they may return to God and the work of the Church. Many are seeking the path of salvation from sin." "Two former deacons, Moma and Boloko, having taken plural wives are a stumbling block to many who would otherwise change their hearts. Witchcraft, dancing and the drinking of palm wine handicap our work." "The singing, marching and gymnastics of school pupils attract the attention of the elders and make them more friendly to our Christian work and interested in sending their children and grandchildren to the place of learning." "Visits from our white teachers greatly strengthen our hands and help forward the work."

"We needed a new school building and asked the village elder to help us build it. He laughed and would not help. Later the elder received a letter from the big chief of our district and he came and asked us to read it for him. We laughed and refused to do so, and he went away to think about the matter. Later he gave us help to build a school and we all help one another gladly in our village now-a-days."

One hundred and eighteen candidates accepted for baptism gave evidence of earnest and effective Christian witness in many areas during recent months.....

There are at present 121 pupils in the local village school, 113 in the boys' boarding school and 55 in the girls' boarding school. Two girls are being privileged under Dr. Witt to work at the hospital.

The medical work was carried on by Miss Ehnbon from February through May. Then in July Dr. Witt

arrived, bringing with her Mazamba Philip, a graduate of the Sona Bata Medical School who has proved an able assistant and splendid example of Christian manhood.

Rev. Harry Brown returned in October. The Metzgers will leave for furlough in May or June and doubtless retirement. The work has surely been blessed spiritually during their years of service here. We know they will be greatly used in America to the challenging of an interest in the Congo field and work.

Marguerite Eldredge

* * * *

LEOPOLDVILLE: There has been some growth in the realization of "The Church of Christ in Leopoldville-Ouest" and not the mission's church. We cannot measure actually the growth spiritually of responsible members but we feel that it has taken place. All of our special services have been better attended than last year. Our Sunday afternoon service for all languages continues very encouraging.

The school has had a satisfactory year. The attendance has been more regular. Our work of organization of equipment and program made itself really felt for the first time.

We are ever reminded that our population is considerably a floating one, some of our most "well off" members having moved to Leopoldville-Est, 5 to 7 miles away. However, there is indication that the population which our work can serve will increase. We are trying to build slowly and hope to be ready for any eventuality.

Instead of two village schools near Ngombe we have

now a regional school which has begun with promise. An after Christmas trip to this center found the church work in a much improved condition.

E.G. Hall

KAPINI TESTIFIES

We had been looking forward to Kapini's part in the summer work with joy and anticipation. But God had other plans. Very shortly after the close of school he came one day with a request to go to his village, about three hours from Vanga. He had heard rumors of difficulty in the village through witchcraft accusations.

The third day he came back. A man had been accused and given the poison test. Kapini had located the group gathered around after the poison had been given and had talked with the man, who refused to name his accusers. Kapini had plead with the people of his village to save the man but was refused. While trying to write the names of those present, the pencil and paper were torn from his hand by his own mother.

We sent him with a letter to the State official who came a few days later to the village. One of our teachers, a native of this same village, hearing that the affair was known to the State official, travelled all night to warn the village of his coming. The body of the man was taken up and given decent burial. (Witchcraft cases, it seems, are buried with the cords which bound them still in place, and without the usual native coffin.) The ground where the poison had been given was completely hoed over to remove all traces.

Then they prepared their story: "Yes, the man

had died from poison but he had taken it himself. His wife had found him groaning, near to death, which was their first intimation of the affair. They had seen Kapini in the village but they knew nothing else.' Some twenty-odd church members and the group of converts threw in their lot with the others.

In spite of the hoed-over ground Kapini was able to identify the location. And by diligent search pieces of the "nkasa", or poison bark, were found about the place. Pieces of the native string with which the man had been bound were found, with very evident indications that they came from the body after putrification had set in. The State official was satisfied that Kapini was telling the truth.

The affair was sent to Kikwit where Kapini sat for over two months, daily waiting a call to testify. The case was finally dismissed, the judge saying he could not condemn them on Kapini's testimony alone, even though he was personally convinced of their guilt.

On their return the people have taken to dancing to celebrate their victory (?). We refuse to believe that God has finished with this village and it becomes another instance where those who believe are going to have to stand alone, declare their faith and pray until the day of victory.

This may reveal to you that satan is not releasing one inch of ground without conflict, and our hearts are made to ache. But how you would have gloried in Kapini's testimony. While in the village with the State official for several days, not even his own mother and relatives would give or sell him food, His own personal testimony of the joy that was his in spite

of outward circumstances are compensation for many a heartache. And his testimony also of how God was able to open to him, at Kikwit, opportunity for testifying and teaching in the great native quarter there, showed us something of God's purposes which overrule the plans of man.

Susie Brown

FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE

On a recent trip as I rode along in my "kipoi" I could look out over a field covered with wild orchids. I could roughly count between four and five hundred within a comparatively small area. What a sight it was! It brought to mind the lines of Gray's ELLEGY: "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen; to waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But life in the bush — like that at home — does not consist of flowers only, but of funerals as well, and on our recent trip we seem to have had more than our usual share. In village after village in which we slept some one had just passed away leaving sorrowing friends and mourning relatives. In most cases there was no evidence of any hope or consolation — the fruits of a happy Christian life and experience — and a "wake" without this hope and consolation, whether in Africa or Asia, whether in Ireland or on the Inzia is one of the most weird and depressing experiences imaginable. For twenty-four hours or longer the relatives howl their laments and the friends respond in chorus to their mournful cries. There is not much sleep for anyone in such a village and all become involuntary partakers.

To one who knows the joy and consolation of faith in Christ and who has the spiritual interest of the people at heart strange thoughts persist during the wakeful hours of the night. On more than one occasion I have felt that were we to go forth weeping over the spiritual lost as these mourn over their departed friends there would be greater acceptance of our message. Then again, every "wake" is for me an occasion of self-judgment to determine if I have done all that I might have to bring the departed individual to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. I cannot help but feel each time the tremendous need for more medical help and instruction. The government is putting forth admirable efforts in conjunction with medical missions to bring relief to the suffering, but where faith in the witchdoctor and in fetishes still prevails new medicines are of little use unless they are administered with prayer, love and kindness, and the Christian message of deliverance.

One day during the itinerary we were to have our first gathering at a newly formed church center. A large crowd had gathered even before we arrived and an interesting and inspirational service followed at which quite a number made public confession of their faith in Christ. But when we disbanded it was with such noise — whether because of their joy (I like to believe so) or because of their savage delight for noise, I cannot say — that we threatened to not return for another service if they did not know how to conduct themselves properly. I had planned to sleep in another village, hold service there the following morning and return to the church center the following afternoon.

When I arrived the following day all had already gathered in the church. As I entered not a soul stirred, not a whisper broke the painful and unnatural silence. I could have laughed, but thought it best to carry myself properly before so dignified and well-behaved an audience. For the first hymn the pastor selected "There's Not a Friend Like the Lowly Jesus". The clause "Jesus knows all about our struggles" seemed to respond to something in their own recent experience and they sang it most heartily as though with a slight suggestion that perhaps the messenger whom He had sent did not. But in Africa, as at home, self-discipline is as essential as self-expression and I have known someone who has felt it at times to be more so.

One evening while passing through the woods I asked the carriers who were with me what they would do if a leopard should suddenly appear in the path. With one accord they replied that they would run as fast as their legs could go. Then, to see what the effect would be, I boasted of the courage and prowess of our young men at home. They asked me jokingly what I would do and if I would be afraid. Of course I had to reply in the negative and assure them that I certainly would not be afraid. Some few minutes later we realized that we were stepping in the midst of a path of driver ants and we all instinctively took to our heels. Then they all laughed and asked, "How is it, Tata, that you would have no fear of a leopard yet you run from an ant?" Whereupon we all had a good laugh at our inconsistencies.

On a number of occasions when we met the church members we tried to give special emphasis to a closer walk with our Lord, free from all known

unconfessed sin. In each case we concluded with a season of prayer which generally lasted from one to three hours, interrupted only by a verse or two of an appropriate hymn now and then. I confess to you that I have never felt closer to God at any time than on those occasions when He met with us and heard the confessions and earnest prayers for cleansing. At one communion service a young girl of about nineteen or twenty stood up and asked that we bow our heads in prayer while she led. She poured out her heart to God in confession to Him and pleaded for restoration of His spirit whom she had grieved and of His joy which she had forfeited when she deliberately walked into sin. Genuine? Who on earth is good and wise enough to judge? But if it is not of the Holy Spirit, what power on earth can extract such voluntary confessions from primitive savages who have for centuries believed that to deceive is more admirable and honorable than to confess? He shall convict the world of sin...." were the words of our Lord in speaking of the work of the Spirit whom He would send. We are not unaware of the dangers as well as of the inevitable counterfeit confessions, but praying earnestly for wisdom and grace we shall guard against these dangers and use to His honor and glory the opportunity which these occasions afford.

Looking forward as I do to furlough after a separation of two years from wife and child, I feel certain that Thomas Carlyle did not write from the point of view of a missionary when he wrote: "Blessed is he who hath found his work. Let him ask for no other happiness." If he had, he might have written: "Blessed is he who hath done his work. Let his furlough be filled with hap-

piness." Because we have enjoyed our work we dislike to leave it; because we feel that it is not completed we feel that we must. It might be illustrated, perhaps, by an experience which I had recently. One day I was driving along in the mission truck with my young cook, a boy of about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who had never had a ride before. The roads were more sandy than usual due to the long dry season. We had, therefore, frequently to shift gears and several times came to a dead stop. After a long period of silence he turned to me and remarked, "Tata, I notice that every time you shift that stick that you slow down and sometimes even stop because of it. Why don't you leave it in fast speed all the time?" I told him that I wished I could, but that if I did the car would stop sooner than if I shifted, which, of course he could not understand. Nor can we sometimes understand why with so much work to be done we need to slow down and even stop every four or five years, but no engine can stay always in high. I plan, therefore, to shift sometime this spring.

T. E. Bubeck

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES

—1897—

WE VISIT KINDZILA: When we came to Mbembe town all the people had moved away and only the houses were left because the people feared being hired to work on the railway. We visited old places and friends and all were glad to see me back from my homeland, but the greatest joy was to be again at Kindzila, where our mission had been started. There were memories

both glad and sad. The meetings were well attended—confessions and repentance, heart searching and discipline, because four of the Christians had walked disorderly. There were thirty-three who confessed faith in Christ and repentance from their ungodly ways. Some of these had been converted in 1895. One was Chef Ntondo, brother of Chef Mfuengi. He was nearly blind from age, and no one knew how old he was. He had one wife. Our hearts rejoiced over their conversion and baptism. On Sunday, Feb. 28th, before baptism, all the converts brought their fetishes and idols, bundles of chalk, dirt, pepper, tiny bags filled with snakeheads, chicken heads, human hair, chicken claws, snails, etc., and burned them in the presence of over a hundred people; the smoke was thick from all of the rubbish. Then those fifteen chosen for baptism were called by name, and one by one they filed down into the quiet water of the Kiamfu River, where Fred stood and baptized them. The communion service brought us all closer to our Saviour and to one another. The young people were very happy, also the children. In a few days we were home again at Kifwa.

* * * *

LOCUSTS: March 29th we saw a great host of locusts coming from the west like a great big train, darkening the sun and continuing their journey high up in the sky to the east, where they settled in the woods, in every bush and tree. We had never seen such a sight before. The African, like John the Baptist, is quite fond of locusts and wild honey. At the station, Fred was training the young men and boys to make bricks and to burn them. When the darkness fell over

the woods where the locusts had settled, every able man and woman from the near villages took their children with them, all kinds of kettles and pans, plenty of straw for torches and firebrands, and then lay down on the ground to sleep while the rest of the locusts settled heavily, bending the branches low. Then about midnight, the people woke up, lit their torches and began their harvest. They only had to scoop the blinded locusts into their vessels, and this was the way the people prevented the locusts from destroying their gardens and trees. Next morning some found themselves with colds, especially the young babies, and Mouka's baby died. When the station bell rang at six o'clock for the school children to worship and work, the water carries failed to bring water for the brickmakers. Fred went to find out why. Down at the river he found them, each one holding his five gallon iron drum under water to make the locusts come out of the small opening. The people feasted on roasted locusts for many, many days. There were two more swarms after a few weeks, coming from the north, and then we never again saw the like in Africa.

* * * *

NEWS SUMMARY: The Father Superior, Reverend Van Rexthoven, from Kisantu, comes now and then to call. He is a godly man and we have choice conversation over the teacups when he comes. He is a true friend.

The firing of guns for four to five nights made Fred inquire the reason. He was told that Kapita Lomba, while waiting at Tumba with his carriers for

loads, had yawned so hard that his jaws were dislocated. The missionary had given him turpentine to rub on and had told him to go home and get well. It took four days for the capita to walk home and then the witchdoctors tried their tricks in vain, so Lomba came to us, at Fred's invitation. For over a week he had not eaten nor was he able to talk. Fred told Lomba to sit against the house wall on the veranda. He read what to do in a medical book, came out with two corks and two clean handkerchiefs, to protect his thumbs, and did as the book said. Bearing down upon the ends of the lower jaw forcefully, the teeth came together with a click and the man, after first moaning much, jumped up and said, "I can talk!" The news spread to other towns and six days later a man came who had not talked for three weeks. He sat down against the wall and, although more difficult, Fred fixed him so that he could talk again. He had two open ulcers on his knees from burns. They were treated and we pleaded with him to go home and burn his idols and to hear the word of God. The next one to come to the "wizard" was an old woman, but her jaws had been dislocated for too long a time and it was impossible to even move them. I found she had several bad teeth quite loose, and so I pulled them for her, just so she would have something done which could help her.

The second man whom Fred fixed came from a far distance, a stranger, and when his jaws clicked he rose up and ran away from the station to his village. We never knew who he was or where he came from,

(Continued on page 31)

 CHILDREN'S PAGE **NZOBO IS HAPPY AGAIN**

You remember that last time I told you about Nzobo and her cuddly little black and white kitten, and how terribly she cried when the little kitten was accidentally killed. She was sad for a long, long time, but now she is happy again.

And you'll never, never guess why. You may not even be able to believe it when I tell you.

You see, when Nzobo was a little orphan girl in the village of Kasansi in the Bayaka country, she didn't have anyone to take care of her. She didn't have any mother to wash her face (and behind the ears) and comb her hair and help her do the back buttons of her dress. In fact she didn't even have a dress. So you can see how it was that she didn't have good habits. I mean the habits like washing your teeth and taking a bath and picking the jiggers out of your toes. Do you know what jiggers are? They're tiny little animals no bigger than the head of a pin. And they just love to jump into folks' toes and burrow way down deep under the skin. There's only a little black speck to show where they are hiding. And out in Africa all the little boys and girls have to pick the jiggers out of their toes as regularly as you wash behind your ears.

But little Nzobo didn't have any mother to

teach her how to sharpen a little bamboo stick and then pry out the naughty jiggers that burrow into the toes. So she got more and more jiggers all the time and pretty soon the jiggers were taking up so much room that there wasn't any room left for the toes. And oh, how they hurt. She couldn't even walk.... she just limped and hopped along so that it wouldn't hurt too much.

When she came to live at the Mission station, the white Mama had to try and teach her how to pick jiggers out of her toes. The other little girls in the school tried to tell her how to pick them out and they gave her a nice sharp little bamboo stick that dug them out slick as a whistle. But you know how it is with habits. They're awful things, aren't they? In order to get a habit one has to do a thing over and over again, like remembering not to pinch little sister, or to wipe your shoes on the mat before running in to ask mother for a slice of bread and jam. Just because she didn't start soon enough to catch a good habit, Nzobo had a terrific time trying to get one. Besides, it wasn't any fun to pick out jiggers anyhow... it hurt when you stuck the sharp little bamboo stick in.

Pretty soon Nzobo's feet were all full of jiggers again and she couldn't walk any more but had to limp and hop along. And by that time there were great big sores all over her feet, in her toes and in her heels 'neverything. So the missionary lady had to get busy and soak her feet in hot water every day and pick out the jiggers and put salve on the sores. She told Nzobo that if only she would get rid of her jiggers and be a good girl and keep them out, she

would let her do something very special

And this is where you are going to have a hard time believing me. Do you know what something special was? It was to set the table and wash the dishes and sweep the dining room. Did you ever! Imagine that being something to be happy about. You'd never jump up and down for joy if mother told you you could wash the dishes every day, would you? But Nzobo did, and now every day she keeps singing and laughing. Now that her feet are all well again she doesn't walk any more.... she skips and runs.

I'll tell you why Nzobo likes to wash dishes and sweep the floor. It's because it's ever so much fun to be in the white Mama's house and see and touch all the wonderful things like dishes and chairs and tables and books and clocks. Imagine a machine that goes tick tock all day long and tells you where the sun is. The white people surely are funny, because after all, one could go outside and look up to see where the sun was.

And then there's that other side.....it's nice and cool in the house but out in the sun, where the other girls are working to dig peanuts and manioc roots, it isn't a bit cool. So I think that is why she is happy again and sings all day long.

V.L. Smith

A little girl arrived at the Tuttle home at Sona Bata January 16. Dr. Freas thought she better be named Statistics because all the missionaries were working on statistics and annual reports when she arrived but instead she was named Louise Anne. Her parents and Ruth and Dean are very proud of her.

MOANZA NEWS

The medical department at Moanza is having a unique experience during these weeks in February. For some time we had been looking forward to the coming of Dr. Osterholm, but the influx of patients has given us the puzzling problem of where to place all the needy and their attendants. Our grass and thatch houses are full. Even the new leper huts are being used, not to mention the wood shed. The main hospital building of permanent construction is not finished though it is under cover. Two of the wards are in use. One planned as Maternity is set up in what we think as a fine operating room. The doctor is doing difficult and intricate operations without one murmur. Even the light is just right, and you know what that means to a surgeon. But our accomodation for operative patients is filled and now what?? Yesterday boards were prepared and set up on concrete blocks and the remaining operative cases will rest on them in the other new ward.

Tired and weary we started home one evening but were called back to see a case which had just arrived, a woman with a badly infected hand, three times its normal size and what an odor! Perhaps gangerene had already set in. The doctor would amputate if relatives agreed, otherwise the prognosis was bad. But where could we place her? The wood shed remained; within a short time it was emptied and upon a mat the patient reclined. But why the infection? That's a story. The husband in a fit of anger bit her hand. A few months ago we had a similar case, only it was the opposite. The woman

had been a bit more gentle and we had to amputate only two fingers.

Mr. Bubeck has done a great deal of itinerating this year, we hope that during his furlough some one will come to carry on and that the seed sowing and watering will not be neglected, but that a great harvest will be brought in.

Miss Dickey continues her work with the school children. She has been untiring in her efforts to raise the standard of the boarding school and has succeeded. Her contribution to the spiritual, mental, social, physical welfare of the children will certainly make itself felt in village life as the children scatter. We hope that she will enjoy her furlough and return for greater service.

The builder has many irons in the fire. There are still many appropriations and specifics and we crave the finished buildings. The kitchen unit of the W.A.B.F.M.S. house looks lonely and the main building should be added before long.

Gwladys R. Atkins

LEOPOLDVILLE NEWS

We have had visits from a few of our colleagues of late. Dr. Mabie surprised us, came up and spent a night. Ulric Lanoue and Dr. and Mrs. Freas decided it was better to endure the heat of Leopoldville for a few days than a toothache so they visited us and the dentist at Brazzaville. Esther Ehnborn came for a week-end and brought Ruth Tuttle, who stayed a week. By the end of the week she was anxious to get home to Louise Anne, her new baby sister.

Mr. Dorsz, the American Consul, and his wife, who have been stationed at Leopoldville for two years, left on the last boat for their new post in Stuttgart, Germany. The new Consul and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mallon, arrived last week to take up the work here.

Company staff changes now affect our Congo Christians. Simon Tezo, who has been station master at Leopoldville-Ouest for six and a half years, has been transferred to Kasangulu. He has been an active member in our church, and two of his children have been in school. We trust that the whole family may be a blessing to the church work at Kasangulu.

At the present time we are busy examining candidates for baptism at Easter. Many are examined but few are chosen. We have several candidates from the military camp where we have regular services two nights a week. The interest is keeping up though we recently lost several church members and two deacons when the new camp was opened at Matadi. We trust that the transfer of these Christian soldiers may be a help in spreading the gospel.

We are again grateful to Banza Manteke for sending us a Kikongo pastor. Yoani Yembe with his wife and five children arrived last week to enter the work here. Last Sunday he preached a sermon on working together in fellowship. He reminded us of how the disciples were one in mind and spirit. "The wind can blow on this building, but it withstands the storms because the bricks, cement, iron and wood hold together as one unit. May we stand fast in love, having one mind and one spirit, united in Christ."

He gave the following native illustration:

The Nkewa, a large monkey, went to a village to seek a wife. He was told, "We have a wife for you but you must prove first that you are worthy of her by eating all this food that is prepared." The Nkewa looked at the large quantity of food and wondered how he was to dispose of it all. He sat down and ate his fill, then he got up and told the other monkeys, "It is my habit to go and bathe after I have eaten part of my meal; so I can eat some more." He went off to bathe, called his pals and told them his plight. They said, "We will be glad to help you". So one went back and ate all he could, and said, "It is my habit to go and bathe after I have eaten part of my meal so I can eat some more", and off he went to the stream; the second monkey did the same, the third, and so on until the food was finished. Then the original Nkewa went back and said, "See, the food is finished. Can I have my wife." "Yes, you have proved your worth, you may have her." Without the cooperation of his friends he would never have succeeded.

One Sunday Yelemaya, our Lingala pastor, gave the following illustration, which proves the folly of being content with our present condition and forgetting the future:

A rich man had two sons. Going to fight in a village feud one was captured and made a slave. Years passed by and no news was heard of him. The father died and left his riches to the remaining son. He had ample means, but wasn't happy because his brother was not there to share with him. Some time afterwards he heard that his brother

was in a distant village. He made haste to go and find his brother, taking the ransom money with him. Arriving, everyone knew them for brothers because of the strong family likeness. He asked the chief of the village what sum he would accept for his brother's ransom. He paid the money and joyfully returned to his brother, and said, "Come, let's go". "Go where?" the brother replied. "Home. I have all father's wealth, and there is enough and more for you." "I don't want to go. I have all my friends here and I am happy." "But you are a slave." "Slave, what's that? I have all I need." The brother cried for sorrow and plead with him to come. Finally he left alone, broken-hearted, to retrace his steps to his village.

Not long afterwards the chief of the far village died. The chief's men came the day of the funeral and said to the brother, who had refused his ransom, "Come with us, you have been chosen to accompany the chief". The custom was that two slaves, a man and a woman, should be killed and buried with the chief, that they might serve him in the hereafter. His ransom had been paid but he was not a free man because he had refused to accept it.

We thank God for our native pastors and we pray that they may be used of Him to the blessing of many in this land.

Linda Watkins

God, let me live not in my self-appointed way,
Nor anxiously from day to day;
But in a true and faithful way for Thee.

THAT BAMFUNUKA COUNTRY

(Excerpts from a diary)

After visiting the Bamfunuka country Kikongo villages look sloppy with their scattered palms and rows of crooked houses. A Bamfunuka village has streets and lots, real blocks, and main boulevards, each marked off by an absolutely straight fence of pickets topped by a rail. The houses likewise are straight, square, and set parallel with one another and with the street. The villages are not large -- perhaps thirty or forty houses -- so there is ample space not only for good-sized lots, but for banana plants, pineapples, palms and so on. The village is invariably surrounded at some distance by a thick and vast expanse of forest. This is the finest forest country I have seen in Congo -- there is all the traditional "tropical" vines and swamp and leafy undergrowth, but there is beautiful timber too, huge boles 100 feet tall to the first limb and straight as an arrow. There are all manner of palms, many new to me, and bamboo and roofing grasses. There is no shortage of the best building materials in Congo.

A certain grass is the raw material for mats used all over lower Congo -- we use thousands every year at the hospital alone. In most native homes they are used in lieu of chairs and tables, of mattresses and sheets. Mats come from this part of Congo -- all through the Bamfunuka region and as far as Kinkindu and Kimbambi men pay their taxes with the income from mats. Walls made of two thicknesses of mats make a very attractive exterior, especially if the patterns are woven to match. The interior of

the doctor's house at Kingana was all mats and made quite attractive by a mere coat of shellac. The mats are sometimes painted, but usually the surface takes care of itself. Mats last about four years of weather. Grass walls are more permanent, but take more time. There is plenty of thatch-grass in the clearings surrounding the village. The floors are not raised above the ground; the walls are built on the level and the floor is just the raw ground as it was — invariably white sand.

Bamboos make good doors and windows. A bamboo frond about 3 inches in diameter is split in two and flattened — the interior is pure pith 2 inches thick. These strips are laid on the ground side by side, cut to length, and tied or sewed with strings made from vines. The result is an adequate door good for five years. Hinges are hard dried vines or strips of antelope skin. The padlock is one more length of tough vine which is merely tied and untied with the fingers — these locks are invested with such a degree of sanctity that no one short of a hardened thief and a stranger at that, would dare to tamper with them.

Forest vines are of every conceivable size, shape and length. The country is full of them. Some are bare, others have leaves; some are smooth, others have thorns or knots; they may be round or flat or oval, single, double or multiple; they may wind to right or left in spirals; they may choke a tree; they may even multiply laterally and spread right around a tree like a bark, until the tree dies, leaving our vine clutching the dying and rotting wood; vines may have branches; they may spread from the ground up, or from the tree down—nearly always some tree is

martyred. Some vines are weak or brittle, but others are remarkably tough. Rarely are they even slightly resilient. Vines, round or oval, constitute good supports for suspension or "monkey" bridges such as natives construct across large streams like the Lukunga and Nsele — 30 yards or so.

The Bamfunuka people are, much to my surprise, a superior tribe. They are very tall and straight. They build skilfully and they make their own knives and spears. Women are strangely coarse, their voice and bearing much like those of men. No one is indecently dressed. They exploit fetishes — the chief "doctored" the fetishes while we were there — but their habits are in no wise obnoxious. They are honest enough to be able to look you straight in the eye, and innocent enough to smile a rich broad smile. Many men seem very old and wrinkled so I suppose health conditions are fairly good. There is no malaria for the elevation is too great for mosquitoes — 2700 feet. Along the Lukunga there are numerous tsetses, but they do not reach the Bamfunuka country, and in any case they are not infected with sleeping sickness — at least I hope not, for I was badly bitten half a dozen times. The population is fairly well protected against cold by having inexhaustible sources of firewood, and also by adequate clothing — even babies are covered. There is no lack of food, though the diet is not always balanced. At present (January) the staple for all meals is corn, which happens to be in season. Palms are innumerable and pineapples not rare. Game is plentiful in forest and plain, and every village has its set of game nets with which antelope are trapped in forest-clearings and on the plains.

The contrast between forest and plain is striking. From the impenetrable and imposing forest of the hills and valleys one emerges without warning on a great open prairie which stretches away to the north and east far beyond the horizon, across three or four large rivers, across the Bamfunuka country and half that of the Bayakas, all the way from the hills of Kilumbu and Kimfutingulu to Leo and Maluku, and from Kikimi to the Kwango. The dried-up Mbisi, once a 200-yard river, is now a flat and waving valley of desert grass, extending from Kingau to Maluku, absolutely level, uniformly carpeted with hard white sand, inadequately watered with occasional rains, and denuded of trees.

The whole desert is infested with wild beasts of all sorts. At Kikimi a jackal was busy digging peanuts from a little garden on the old Mbisi bed. We have not seen much wild life, but there is still good hunting along the forest paths. At Kimpudi a native gave me a patch of skin from an elephant killed last week — I have had it dried and want to take it home. The villagers exhibited the tusks. They are six feet long, and if I were to lie on one so as to follow its curvature, with my feet at one end, the tip would extend three inches beyond my outstretched hand — seven feet two inches. A native killed it with a dart shot from a common muzzle-loading flintlock that cost \$1.50 new. Elephant skulls are common fetishes in the villages, and the leg bones are used as grindstones for sharpening knives. Three miles from Kinzolo this morning we saw evidence of elephants — huge round fifteen-inch foot-prints in sand or grass, and broken branches and reeds, sometimes for miles on end. Antelopes of all sizes gambol

freely all over the sandy plains. Man is practically their only enemy now. Monkeys have little to fear even from man, and they fill the forests. At one spot, where we paused so that I could eat a sandwich, a score of green monkeys were playing in the trees. These were magnificent specimens, over four feet long and very athletic. We saw one fellow at a height of ninety feet or more make a 40-foot leap through space to clutch a branch which swung down another thirty feet but which was resilient enough to carry him off and away along an aerial boulevard of vines.

We travelled by liesurely stages, about twenty miles a day. I had twelve carriers, two personal boys. two teachers and two pastors. The trip occupied ten days. The total cost was around nine dollars, including gifts for chiefs. The Bamfunuka people need teachers and want them. They need and want a supervisor for the teachers. They need and want a church somewhere within reaching distance, that is, not more than one day's walk from their village. This request is modest enough but it would require the \$50 a year that Sona Bata does not possess. How long the Bamfunukas have to wait for religious leadership while they remain a "backward tribe" depends on resources which only the Mission, or perhaps you, can supply.

Ulric A. Lanoue

God, let me live not vexed by life's minute detail,
Where sins of vanity prevail,
But on the march of upward trail with Thee.

(Continued from page 17)

CONFERENCE AT IKOKO — AUGUST 1897: Every year, beginning with 1893, the Mission in Congo had had cuts in appropriations, and the missionaries found it hard to keep the work going, having no hope of reaching beyond. But when word came from the Home Board about "Retrenchment", we were perplexed, and it was decided that an African Conference should be held at Ikoko. In a Mission paper, "Living and Working on the Congo", the editor gave short facts about the missionaries in Congo and their work, with appreciation and praise. I copied these paragraphs from the same number: "Out of the 1,076 white men in the Congo Free State our small band of thirty to forty missionaries does not seem burdensome to support, yet from \$50,000 to \$65,000 a year is needed to make this work as effective as in the past, and a greater amount is needed if the work is to be extended. Single missionaries living on \$500 salary and \$50 or more for the mission work; married missionaries living on \$700 salary, \$100 for each child at home, only when both parents are on the field, and \$50 or more for mission work, are not taking up residence in Central Africa for pleasure. Every man would pinch his living expenses and spend his own personal salary to keep his mission work going, and so he does, hoping the treasury will soon be filled, times will brighten and purses will be reimbursed. There are enough men, tried men for the work, and we cannot afford to experiment with new men on such a field, except to fill the vacancies produced by return home or by the angel of death. But increased expense of living through the increase of white men

competing one with another for fresh food and for carriers, demands a steady advance in support rather than retrenchment in the Congo Mission."

So, with hope against hope, and with that dreaded word "Retrenchment" ringing in our ears, we went on our way to Ikoko. Mr. Harvey was with us. At Kintamo Dr. Sims joined us and we left on-board the "Henry Reed", July 21st, with Messrs. Billington and Glenesk (who was ill). We reached Tshumbiri July 24th, left the 27th with Mr. and Mrs. Billington. At Bolengi we took Mr. and Mrs. Banks on board, and at Irebu Messrs. Moody and Hall, Mrs. Moody and baby Wilkie. Arriving at Ikoko August 3rd, we were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark. The Conference was held August 4th-7th. It gave full and prolonged consideration to the condition of the Mission on the Congo, and submitted to the Executive Committee suggestions as to the conduct of the Mission, including changes in stations and missionaries. A resolution was passed that from Oct. 1, 1897 the Congo Mission be placed upon the same basis of administration and finance as obtained in the Asiatic Missions of the American Baptist Missionary Union. The plan submitted by the Conference of Congo Missionaries was approved by the Executive Committee and adopted as the plan for administering the Congo Mission.

Mr. Banks came in and read the "Memorial", in all it's details, to us ladies. Ladies, in our mission, were not expected to attend Conference sessions.

It was very interesting and pleasant to be able to see mission work and schools on our up-river stations. Hard workers are all our missionaries. Also,

their wives, not a wit behind their husbands in loving work for the Master, helpmates were they to their husbands. (I can remember the joy it gave me when some time later letters were received in which the Board informed the missionaries that "Wives of missionaries are considered missionaries in full sense".) On this journey we saw many wild animals. I counted 30 crocodiles, 40 hippos, many guinea fowls and two beautiful buffalos, one black and one red. A great many wild ducks and large monkeys were seen, also.

One day we saw an awful sight. A human body, colored, victim of a crocodile, was floating down river. There was just the trunk; for the head, arms and feet had been bitten off.

Going ashore one day we saw a huge crocodile nest in a high sand bank in the sun, close to the river, with forty-six eggs. The steamer men were busy pricking holes in the ends of the eggs and sucking out the insides. We were satisfied to get the large shells. The nest was well covered with sand.

Mr. Banks showed us the skull of a crocodile. The body had been twelve to fifteen feet long. Inside it he had found one human leg, a pelvic bone, four right hands, three feet and several ankle-rings.

We passed Kwamouth, and above was the Roman Catholic Mission. The State had given them 200 children, taken in a war, but the long journey on foot and boat had been too much for them, so there were only a few left.

After one month we returned to Kintamo, Aug. 21st. Two days later we left the good doctor, and reached Kifwa Aug. 31st.

M.M. Frederickson

SONA BATA NEWS

Another school year is drawing to a close and the Sona Bata staff is beginning to think of examinations and Commencements. The first of these, the entrance examinations for E.P.I. and EPAMAC, arrived last Friday and Saturday (April 24 and 25), and now the Medical and Evangelistic groups are busy checking papers. The first week-end of May has been suggested as a tentative Commencement date.

We have all become very "sun conscious". The Garners have been in our midst for almost nine weeks trying to get pictures for the film "Bwambo". For almost seven weeks they have been "on location" at Boko, (25 Km. away), necessitating almost daily trips and many extra working hours for Dr. Freas, Dr. Tuttle and Mr. Erickson. We hope "Bwamba" will repay all the time and effort spent upon it.

Visitors have not been so numerous during the past few months. Mr. Coxill stopped off for a day on his way to the Kwango area. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins dropped in for a week-end. Mrs. Coxill came down for a couple of days of needed rest. Mr. Mason, the British Vice-Consul, because of car trouble, spent a night at Sona Bata on his way to Thysville for a week-end visit. And Mr. Maurice of the B.M.S. popped in "early" (2 a.m.) one morning on his way to Wathen with a new truck. But one new-comer we hope to keep with us, little Louise Ann, who arrived at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle on January 16th. She's very tiny but very popular, not only with the entire staff, but with the entire group of natives as well.

Several experiments are being tried out in the Sona Bata program. Once a month the natives and missionaries combine their Sunday evening services for a special meeting. This is under the direction of one of the missionaries, but usually a number of natives have the leading parts. The Lanoues, Ericksons and Freases have had their turns, resulting in varied programs of music, testimonies and talks. All seem to enjoy the services.

Each Sunday afternoon sees one or more of the missionaries starting off on a six-mile round trip to Mbe-mba, our leper colony. In order to make it fair to ask natives from Sona Bata to go in large numbers also, the truck is never used. One Sunday one sees Mama Ehnbon with a train of nurses and boarding school girls. Another time Tata and Mama Erickson herd a number of school boys along. Then comes Tata or Mama Tuttle with a group of infirmieres and sometimes little Ruth. Tata Lanoue depends on his preparatory students for helpers and Tata Freas asks for volunteers among the infirmieres. Stephen Mukoko, our pastor, is ready to go with any group. So our lepers are sure of some white person and a group of Sona Bata associates for each Sunday meeting.

Sunday morning sees Sunday School classes everywhere — prep. students, infirmieres, house boys and village men in the school buildings; school girls in the dormitory, station women on Mama Freas' porch, village women in the prep. school, school boys in the church, and youngsters on Mama Anderson's porch. These youngsters are packed like sardines on tiny benches jammed close together on the small veranda. But it doesn't seem to dampen their enthusiasm. After Sun-

day School and a short recess to stretch their cramped limbs, they're ready to march back for junior church, lustily singing "Enter into His courts with thanksgiving". The kazoo band usually has a selection to play. And then the boys and girls themselves conduct the devotionals, one reading the scriptures, another leading in prayer. And how eagerly they listen to the Bible stories! And it never takes them long to explain the pictures or the sand-table project. But 80 to 96 kiddies are too much of a crowd for such a place. So perhaps soon some will have to graduate, and go to adult church.

Several Sundays ago the station was saddened by the death of one of our students, Axel Buengo, a Banza Manteke boy, a first year student in our Medical School. That afternoon, in the flower decked church, a Christian funeral service was held. Followed by his classmates, the school children, and most of the Sona Bata population, his coffin was taken to the cemetery without any heathenish wailing. His father, although torn by grief over the loss of his son, offered a beautiful prayer at the grave. Even in times of sadness, our hearts rejoice over such evidence that these people have found a Comforter and "grieve not as those without hope".

Dr. Freas continues making hurried trips to Banza Manteke. He and Mrs. Freas spent a few days at Leo recently. Little Ruth Tuttle, also, visited the "big city" and "saw the sights" for a week. "Aunt" Esther took her up and "Uncle" Harry and "Aunt" Linda brought her back. Mr. Lanoue, too, made a quick trip to Leo, spending most of the time with the dentist.

We are all happy to have letters from "Pa Mac",

Miss Anderson and Miss Satterberg, stating that they are looking forward to their return to Congo.

Ruth Erickson

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR MISSIONARIES

Several Missionary Fellowships (yielding \$750 a year and limited to Seminary graduates) and Missionary Scholarships (yielding \$450 a year, preferably though not necessarily for Seminary graduates) are available annually for missionaries on furlough. One of the eight assigned for 1939-40 came to Africa.

Candidates should be persons of special attainments or promise who have already been engaged in actual Christian service, not undergraduate students. Applications for 1940-41 should reach the Registrar of the Seminary by January 1st, 1940. Further information can be obtained from the Registrar of the Seminary.

Twelve fully furnished apartments are available for missionaries on furlough. Detailed information about these apartments can be secured by addressing the Comptroller of the Seminary.

Union Theological Seminary, New York, Broadway at 120th Street.

A recent cable from America brought the sad news of the death of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. H.D. Brown. Mr. Brown had left to return to his field at Ntondo when the baby was only a few days old. Mrs. Brown is planning to join him this summer and had planned to bring the baby with her. Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Brown will feel deep sympathy for them.

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

LEOPOLDVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall

KIMPESE

Rev. and Mrs. M.S. Engwall
Dr. C.L. Mabie

VANGA

Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm
Miss Eva Shepard

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. and Mrs. J.E. Geil
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Mildred Tice

NTONDO

Rev. and Mrs. P.C. Metzger
Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Rev. H.D. Brown

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith
Miss Alice Jorgenson

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas
Rev. and Mrs. U.A. Lanoue
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Miss Esther Ehnbohm
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle

MOANZA

Rev. T.E. Bubeck
Miss Ruth Dickey
Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins

SPECIAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Carpenter

ON FURLOUGH

Mrs. H.D. Brown	Miss Agnes Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmid	Miss Emily Satterberg
Mrs. T.E. Bubeck	Miss Vendla Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins	